

'SHE TEMPTED ME' ROBERTS TESTIFIES AT LUSK TRIAL

Husband of Woman Teacher
Is Charged With Having
Killed Tells of Relations
With Defendant.

DECLARES SHE FIRST
MADE LOVE TO HIM

"That Is Not True," Accused
Woman Cries in Court as
Physician Gives His
Version of Conversation.

WAUKESHA, Wis., May 18 (By A. P.).—Dr. David Roberts was again the center of interest at the trial of Grace Lusk for slaying his wife when he resumed the witness stand to face cross examination.

During the four hours he was on the stand yesterday telling of his relations with the defendant, he testified his wife dying with two bullet wounds near her heart, he broke down and sobbed.

Throughout the trial Dr. Roberts has occupied a seat scarcely 20 feet from Miss Lusk. He has followed proceedings closely but with never a glance toward Miss Lusk. His silvery white hair and coal black mustache have made him a marked figure, but he has moved through the crowd with a word for none.

During part of the proceedings the aged mother of Mrs. Roberts sat by his side, but the two seldom spoke. When Dr. Roberts took the witness stand yesterday "She tempted me," was the burden of his testimony.

"She asked me if I loved her and I answered that I honored and respected her," he swore as he began the story of her relations from the time they first met at the home of a mutual friend, in July, 1914, until he found his wife dying with two bullets in her body in the little brown house Miss Lusk made her home three years later.

"I want you to tell me that you love me more than anyone else in the world, and I want you to tell Mrs. Roberts so," he testified she said to him at one of their meetings which had been sought by her.

"I said 'absolutely no,' and she struck me in the face as hard as she could," he added.

Told of Meetings Elsewhere.

Later he told of meeting her in Chicago and Milwaukee hotels and produced letters she had written to him, and one written by her to Mrs. Roberts, which he had intercepted before its delivery, read as follows:

"I have begged him to go to you and tell you the situation frankly, but I have felt that you were a far better woman to desire his happiness," the letter to Mrs. Roberts read. "If he does not care enough for me to do that, and it is I who have been made the plaything, then I am afraid I shall call him to account."

"Wouldn't it have been much simpler if instead of intimidating your husband you had faced matters fairly and squarely and given him his freedom when you lost his confidence and all?"

"It is he who has been made not truthful, and I who have lost my one and only reputation that you might keep your virtue. It really isn't quite fair, is it?"

In June, 1917, he testified, she demanded that he meet her in a Milwaukee hotel and he did so only after she had threatened to tell his wife of their relations and "to make a case for Attorney Lockney."

Says She Produced Revolver.

At this meeting, he said, she produced a revolver, which afterwards was identified as the same one which she later shot his wife and herself, and pointing it at his head said: "I will shoot you dead if you do not put your hand on that Bible and swear that you love me and will tell your wife."

Roberts said that he complied. The book upon which he took the oath was one of the Golden Bibles Lusk, Dr. Roberts said, he met her several times at church suppers. In March, 1918, he said, he called her on the telephone to ask her assistance with a book he was writing on animal diseases.

In telling of the events immediately preceding the tragedy, Roberts told of a visit made to his house on the eve of the shooting. He said

U. S. Aviator Who Has Shot Down 9 Enemy Airplanes



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FRANK BAYLIES.

FRANK BAYLIES of New Bedford, Mass., is fast becoming one of the most noted flying "aces" fighting for America. He tried to enter the United States aviation service but was refused because of defective vision. He has seen service with the hospital units and was in active duty for three years. He passed the examinations permitting him to enter the Stook squadron, the organization formerly commanded by the late Capt. Guymere, the French pioneer flier. He brought down his ninth enemy machine this week.

Miss Lusk asked him if he had told his wife as he had sworn to do, and he replied he had not but would at once.

After walking back through the park with her when he succeeded in inducing her to return to her home, the doctor said he told his wife "Miss Lusk has asked me to tell you that she is infatuated with me."

As a result Mrs. Roberts decided she would see Miss Lusk alone, he said, and next day went to the Mills home. Shortly afterwards he told his wife "Miss Lusk has asked me to tell you that she is infatuated with me."

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The only emotion exhibited by Mrs. Roberts throughout the day was a constant moistening of his lips and a hard grip on the arms of the witness chair.

Near the end of the session, however, when he was telling of finding the body of his wife, he broke down and sobbed. At this point the Court ordered a brief recess so that he could regain his composure.

On direct examination, although instructed by the Court that he need not answer questions which might tend to incriminate him, Roberts told in detail of his relations with Miss Lusk and of several meetings with her in Milwaukee and Chicago hotels.

On cross-examination he gave his age as 22.

Late in the afternoon an electrical storm swept over the building and peals of thunder almost drowned out Roberts' answers to questions put by the defense, while flashes of lightning lent a weird aspect to the scene.

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ENEMY HEAVILY BOARDS U. S. LINES IN PICARDY

Increased Aerial Activity in
Toul and Lorraine Sectors,
Pershing's Official State-
ment Says.

NEW INSTANCES OF
AMERICAN BRAVERY

Officer Fights to Death In-
spiring His Comrades—
Two Boston Men Distin-
guish Themselves in Raid.

WASHINGTON, May 18 (By A. P.).—Another official American statement was made public today by the War Department.

Gen. Pershing transmitted details of the bringing down of two German planes by Capt. Peterson of the American army, while aviators were waiting for a French General coming to confer decorations.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, May 17 (By A. P.).—The official statement issued from American headquarters at 9 o'clock tonight reads: "Today the fighting was limited to reconnaissance and intermittent artillery fire. There was increased aerial activity northwest of Toul and in Lorraine."

An American pursuit airplane was seen to get beyond control a short distance behind the American lines northwest of Toul today and to crash to the ground from a height of 3,000 feet. It was one of the two machines returning from a patrol over the enemy lines. How the accident happened is not known.

Heavy Fire on Picardy Front.

The whole American sector of the Picardy front was subjected to a heavy bombardment early this morning. The cannonade continued for 45 minutes. There was much aerial activity yesterday and today with a bright sun and light breeze. Our aviators made no further indications that the enemy was preparing to renew the offensive. On this front troop movements behind the German lines are normal.

A German airplane bearing French markings was downed today flying over the lines northwest of Toul. American aviators tried to intercept him but he made his escape. The incident shows what cunning and deceit American aviators have dealt with in the air.

American patrols were very active on the Toul sector last night and today but did not establish contact with the enemy.

An enemy observation balloon opposite Toul broke away late yesterday after its two occupants had parachuted from it and it floated two miles to the east. Our aviators were called out but by the time they reached the locality the balloon had risen and floated back toward Germany. American aviators chased the craft 12 kilometers until it went too high to be impracticable to pursue it further.

Two German observation balloons east of Montdidier were brought down today by a French airplane.

Additional instances of unusual bravery have been reported. Our aviators have been successful in the battle front in Picardy have become known. Both Lieut. James Pellache, a Harvard man and son of a New York artist, and Lieut. Stephen Fitzgerald, a well known Boston athlete, were killed, but their deeds will live.

Fought, Though Mortally Wounded.

Lieut. Pellache went out with a working party which was attacked by Germans. Pellache was shot and mortally wounded, but he continued to fight with his hands and strangled the enemy and in so doing encouraged and inspired his companions.

Lieut. Fitzgerald was shot through the head while leading a platoon in No Man's Land in a day raid against a German machine gun. He refused aid and continued to lead his men until he fell. He was killed.

Jack Fritz of Boston led a platoon into No Man's Land. When attacked by superior German forces he ordered his men back to the trenches and remained alone in No Man's Land and fought the Germans single-handed with grenades and broke up their formation. Fritz was wounded.

The text of the communiqué follows:

"Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces, May 18, 1918.

"Section A—In Lorraine patrolling was active and there was again an increase of artillery fire. Otherwise the day was quiet at points occupied by our troops.

"Section B—Particulars concerning the bringing down of hostile airplanes at about noon, May 15, previously reported, have been received. The aviator was a French General who was coming to confer decorations, as follows:

"While waiting, Capt. Peterson made an ascent and encountered two German planes and shot down both within one minute, firing 30 shots. The first and 15 at the second. The first plane burst into flames before hitting the ground, and the wings of the second were seen to crumple up when it fell.

"There is no definite information concerning a third hostile plane reported brought down."

"It is now determined that our airplane reported yesterday as having been shot down, probably by hostile anti-aircraft guns."

ABANDONED AUTO MAY BELONG TO MADISON BANK ROBBERS

Kirkwood Marshal Finds Car which
Police Say Answers Description
of One Taken Used.

An abandoned automobile was found last night by Warren Manning of Kirkwood, on the Denny road near the Manchester road, and turned over the custody of Marshal Wells of Kirkwood. Wells notified the St. Louis police that it answered the general description given of the automobile used by the three robbers who stole about 216,000 Thursday afternoon from a bank at Madison, Ill., and escaped to St. Louis.

The car is a maroon-colored Marmon chummy roadster with wire wheels. In the tonneau were found, among other things, a card bearing a St. Louis telephone number and a revolver cartridge.

The card bore the telephone number of Harlan Court Apartments, 5453 Delmar boulevard. It was ascertained there that three men, one of whom had an automobile, occupied one of the apartments until a month ago. The police were given their names for investigation.

The automobile found last night had no loose tools or other marks of ready identification.

De Soto (Mo.) Authorities Arrest 4 as Madison Robber Suspects.

Four men, one of whom said he was Moses Flanagan of St. Louis, were greatly discomfited when they were arrested at De Soto, Mo., at 6 a. m. today on suspicion that they were the men who robbed the Tri-City State Bank at Madison, Ill., Thursday. They said they were on a fishing trip.

De Soto authorities had been asked to look out for the bank robbers, who were supposed to be "headin' South" in an automobile. The men who were arrested had a reddish-brown "chummy" roadster. Flanagan and his party had a black touring car when arrested. Each of the four had a revolver. They said these were for protection on their outing.

DONNELLY TELLS
OF HIS TROUBLES
IN THE ARMY

Continued From Page One.

get into the fight in some way; I don't know, I don't care how. Of course I'm all 'bet up' over this thing, but I don't want to give the impression that I'm 'sore.' It's just unfortunate, that's all.

"This man was the third time I've tried to get to the front and failed. In the Spanish War in 1898, the First Regiment got as far as Chickamauga Park, Ga., and in 1915 we got to the Mexican border.

"The Colonel upon whom I reported was unfavourable to me. He is a West Pointer, got through in six years, I believe. They said the National Guard was full of politics, but it cannot compare with the regular army in that respect. My efficiency records have been high. The old First was the first regiment in the United States to be sworn in in 1915 under the provisions of the Hay-Chamberlain bill, and in 1916, Donnelly, Mo., it was the first in the country to be completely mobilized for duty on the border.

"They marched through the streets of New York the other day and I heard people say they had never seen a better appearing regiment."

"I was in the line for 26 years, and he would re-enter the leather business which he formerly conducted if he did not get back into the military game."

My heart and soul are wrapped up in the war and I want the people of St. Louis to know that the man who trained their sons for war was not a carouser, as would appear from these charges. I think my efficiency record, which is without a blemish, is a guarantee that I am a man more forcefully than anything I could say."

GRAND JURY
TO INVESTIGATE
ELECTION FRAUDS

Continued From Page One.

It seemed, would be entitled to all the fees Slater has collected, but that he would have to bring civil suit against Slater to recover them.

Slater, who is the Seventeenth Ward, which also represents the Republican City Central Committee. Before his election on the face of the returns to the office of Public Administrator he was a Justice of the Peace. Newell was a candidate for re-election as Public Administrator.

As Republican Committeeman, Slater was consulted in the selection of election judges and clerks in the Seventeenth Ward. He said yesterday that he could understand the discrepancies that had been found in the Sixteenth Precinct of that ward.

Other Evidence of Fraud.

In the Twelfth Precinct more than 50 Democratic ballots were found to have been changed by the substitution of Newell's name for Slater's. Slater's name was written in pencil and it is contended Newell's representatives at the recount that the writing is all in one hand.

At the time the vote in the Seventeenth Ward was canvassed a few days after the 1916 election, the election board discovered a variation in the tally sheets prepared by the judges and clerks in the Sixteenth Precinct of the Seventeenth Ward. The precinct officials appeared before the Election Board and asserted that the discrepancy was due to a clerical error.

T. A. Morrey, an architect and former president of the Mulhally Board, was a Republican clerk in the Sixteenth Precinct. Morrey has since died.

Controverted Grain Ship Safe.

GENEVA, May 18.—Three large vessels loaded with cereals destined for Switzerland and escorted by a British fleet, arrived safely at a French Atlantic port, according to the Tageblatt of Bern.

HEAVY ARTILLERY FIGHTING ON AVRE AND IN FLANDERS

Violent Exchange Between
Givency and Robecq on
the Southern Side of the
Salient in North.

BIG GUNS ACTIVE
BELOW AMIENS

German Raids Near Mastiges
in Champagne and North
of Foin de Paris in the Ar-
gonne.

LONDON, May 18 (By A. P.).—Heavy artillery fighting last night between Givency and Robecq on the southern side of the Flanders salient, is reported by the War Office.

The statement follows:

"The hostile artillery has shown some activity also in the Lens, Hazebrouck and Ypres sectors."

"There is nothing further to report."

PARIS, May 18 (By A. P.).—Violent artillery fighting north and south of the Avre River on the front below Amiens is reported in today's official statement.

"There were violent bombardments at various points on the front north and south of the Avre."

"German raids near Mastiges (Champagne) and north of Foin de Paris (Argonne) were without results."

"Everywhere else the night was calm."

ROME, May 18 (By A. P.).—The War Office communication said: "Effective artillery firing has occurred along the portions of the front where the enemy was more active at Toul, in the Val Laguerne, at Val Aras, in the Asiago basin and along the Piave. The Italians displayed hostile detachments, while Italian and British patrols had brisk encounters with enemy patrols on the Asiago plateau and other districts."

VIENNA, May 18 (By A. P.).—The Austrian official communication said:

"The artillery duel has been more lively on the Italian front at some points."

"In Albania the Italians and French attacked mountain positions between the Osum and Devoli Rivers. The arrest of a number of German soldiers and the landing of a submarine from a German submarine as cabled recently was taken to confirm rumors. Several other arrests in Ireland have been reported lately, though nothing has transpired which would necessitate considering them as reasonable doings. Indeed, in all cases the only information has been the mere fact of an arrest, as for instance the arrest of John McKenna, chairman of the Kerry County Council, on an unspecified charge under the defense of the realm act."

The reference in the proclamation to steps facilitating and encouraging voluntary enlistment seems to confirm recent predictions from various sources that the Government has abandoned or at least postponed enforcement of conscription in Ireland. The difficulties in carrying out conscription have seemed to increase ever since the first outbreak by the Irish Nationalists and the Sinn Féin hostilities to the proposal.

Opposition to conscription has come from some unexpected quarters. An instance is an article in the current number of the Church of Ireland Gazette, the leading organ of the Irish Protestant Church, on the side of Ulster, in which the writer believes he is speaking the mind of all good Irish men in telling the Government force is no remedy and that the only course is in connection with the Irish people, while any Government which recklessly adds civil war in Ireland to the anxieties already confronting the empire would be excused by the conscience of all Christian men.

Irish Paper Says Signs Pointed to Armed Outbreak.

DUBLIN, May 18 (By A. P.).—The Irish Times today says the Government has not acted a moment too soon, as all the signs pointed to another outbreak of armed violence, possibly in connection with the landing of German troops on Irish shores.

German Airplanes Fall in Effort to Reach the City.

PARIS, May 18 (By A. P.).—German airplanes attempted to bombard Paris again last night, but did not reach the city. Bombs, however, were dropped on outlying suburbs.

The following official statement was issued last midnight:

"Enemy airplanes crossed our lines and dropped several localities behind the front."

"Several machines made for Paris. The alarm was given at 10:33 p. m. and the 'all clear' at 11 p. m. Bombs were thrown on more distant suburbs."

Laser Aground Off Brazil.

BUENOS AIRES, May 18 (By A. P.).—The Nelson liner Highland 36 is aground on the Brazilian Coast, 40 miles north of Rio Janeiro. The 40-mile liner is being towed by tugboats. The passengers were saved.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., May 18 (Special).—Andrew Osburn and his sister were killed and eight other members of the Osburn family living on a farm in Wright County near Ames were injured Wednesday when lightning struck the place, about which the family was grouped.

A Suggestion From the Red Cross

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

I am very much interested in the advanced proof of your Sunday Magazine for May 19, the front cover reproducing one of the striking colored Red Cross posters.

This copy visualizes the appeal that will be made next week all over the nation for funds to help the helpless and to make easier the task of our soldiers.

The appeal by the various state and nation chairman is to be helped mightily by the reproduction of this copy on every occasion. I am bold enough to suggest that you ask your readers of next Sunday to place on their front a colored front page and post a Red Cross poster in their windows, both in the home and stores, in the elevators of all big buildings, or any other space that is able to make an appeal for the support of the Red Cross. Very sincerely, W. C. D'ARCY, Director of Publicity, St. Louis Red Cross Campaign Committee.

SINN FEIN CHIEFS
IN IRELAND ARE
HELD AS PLOTTERS

Continued From Page One.

George announced in the House of Commons that Devalera was plotting to bring about a new Irish rebellion, a charge before Devalera was elected president of the Sinn Féin, at Dublin. Since the passage of the Irish conscription bill Devalera has been very active in working against it and has had many conferences with John Dillon, William Cosgrave was elected member of Parliament for Kilkenny last August. In a speech several days later he said the Irish would fight German domination. On May 1 he was elected to accompany the Lord Mayor of Dublin on his proposed visit to the United States in connection with the anticonscription campaign in Ireland.

One of the most prominent figures in the Dublin revolt in 1916 was Countess Georgina Markievicz. She was a part of the Sinn Féin forces and was reported to have personally killed a guard in an effort to capture Dublin Castle. She returned to Dublin last July. Last Dec. 3, two boys were arrested while carrying high explosives from Scotland to Ireland. They were reported to be members of a boy scout organization headed by Countess Markievicz.

Arthur Griffith has aided the Sinn Féin by his pen and counsel more than by active leadership. He took no part in the fighting of Easter week and at various times has been in conflict with Devalera, who is more of a fanatic type. Devalera was born in New York City of a Spanish father and an Irish mother. Landed From U-Boat.

Hints had been given by several correspondents of London newspapers that something was going on between Sinn Féin agents and the enemy. The arrest of a number of German soldiers and the landing of a submarine from a German submarine as cabled recently was taken to confirm rumors. Several other arrests in Ireland have been reported lately, though nothing has transpired which would necessitate considering them as reasonable doings. Indeed, in all cases the only information has been the mere fact of an arrest, as for instance the arrest of John McKenna, chairman of the Kerry County Council, on an unspecified charge under the defense of the realm act."

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CHRIST CHURCH SERVICE FOR HOSPITAL UNIT 21

Commemorates First Anniversary
of Departure of St. Louis
for French Front.

A solemn service of intercession, commemorating the first anniversary of the departure of St. Louis Hospital Unit No. 21 for France, was held at Christ Church Cathedral at 8:15 p. m. yesterday. Dean Dade, who spent six months as first chaplain of the unit at Rouen, France, read the prayers, and Bishop Tuttle preached a short sermon praising the spirit of service as exemplified in the work of the hospital unit and the Red Cross.

In the congregation, which filled half the church, were nurses in uniform from St. Luke's, Jewish and city hospitals. Each group sang either a hymn or a psalm, and the choir sang a hymn in honor of the hospital unit and the Red Cross.

The service opened with a prelude, a hymn and march of acolytes from the vestry down a side aisle and back to the altar through the center aisle. The Cross was then followed by a soldier carrying the American flag.

"The Cross symbolizes universal service," Bishop Tuttle said, "and we as disciples of the living Christ have learned that it is not the matter of ritualism, but the matter of heart that determines the destiny of the world."

"Had Germany learned the lesson of the Cross she would not have pulled down upon her head the condemnation of the world for the heinous acts of her militarism and the disasters that have descended upon mankind through the desire for temporal conquest."

ONLY THREE KILLED
IN ACTION IN NEW
CASUALTY LIST

Three Others Dead as Result of Wounds, Four From Disease and 12 Are Missing.

NURSE ALSO AMONG
DEAD FROM DISEASE

Soldier From Koshkonong, Mo., Reported Dead, Another From North Venice, Ill., Is Slightly Wounded.

SMITH SERIOUSLY ILL

Smith, who rose from United States District Court to rank among the nation's great lawyers, is critically ill in Los Angeles. Word received by St. Louis from St. Louis, Mo., May 18 (By A. P.). The casualties list today contains 59 names divided as follows:

Killed in action, 3; died of wounds, 3; died of disease, 4; wounded severely, 5; wounded, degree not known, 1; wounded, slightly, 9; missing in action, 12; prisoners, 2.

The following officers are included:

Major Alexander Rasmussen, Sherwood, Ore.; killed in action. Lieutenant Sherman de More, Chicago, Ill.; missing in action. First Lieutenant Abraham J. Gordon, Newark, N. J.; prisoner, but not previously reported missing.

The list follows:

Killed in action—Major Alexander Rasmussen, Sherwood, Ore.; Private Joseph S. Listerman, Hammond, Ind.; Joseph A. Rihala, Newark, N. J.

Died of disease—Nurse Lucy N. Smith, Concord, N. H.; Sergeant Dan M. Storing, Menomonee, Wis.; Private Ralph A. Johnson, Houston, Tex.; John Peete, Holly Grove, La.

Died of wounds—Private Charles W. Dubouchet, Paris, France; Marine W. Smith, Koshkonong, Mo.; Giuseppe Vinci, Fair Haven, Vt.

Wounded severely—Private Edward C. Carter, Chicago; Philip Frost, Bradford, Vt.; Homer H. McAnelly, Cincinnati, Io.; Harry L. Miller, Hopkins, Minn.; Lemont W. Ruffing, Paterson, N. J.

Wounded slightly—Sergeant William Thompson, Bristol, Conn.; Corporal Herbert Gillis, Somerville, Mass.; Private Roy C. Boone, Alameda, Cal.; James Johnson, Reynolds Station, Ky.; Rodney C. McLean, Houston, Cal.; James G. Pipes, North Venice, Ill.; Joe Schroeder, Chicago, Ill.; Raymond Williams, Edinburg, Ind.; Edward R. Woodfin, Alston, Mass.

Wounded (degree unknown)—Private Boyd M. Gillespie, Indianapolis, Ind.

Missing in action—Lieutenant Sherman de More, Chicago; Sergeant Joseph P. Nolan, Hartford, Conn.; Corporal Sabatini, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Private Lester R. Clark, New Haven, Conn.; George E. Collier, New Haven, Conn.; Ernesto de Martino, Hartford, Conn.; Herbert V. Johnston, New Haven, Conn.; John T. McCartin, New Haven, Conn.; Albert L. Mason, Friendsville, N. Y.; Roy R. Mason, Gainesville, Fla.; Austin H. Steady, Jersey City, N. J.; John J. Milam, South Boston, Mass.

Prisoners (Not previously reported missing)—First Lieutenant Abraham J. Gordon, Newark, N. J.; Private Paul L. Holder, Hastings, Neb.

KAISER SAYS WAR SURVIVORS
WILL BE GREAT TEACHERS

"Wars Bloody Sword Will Be Reformed Into Ploughshares," He Declares.

AMSTERDAM, May 18 (By A. P.). "I have rock-like confidence that my people will be equal to the greatest task of the future," the Cologne Volks Zeitung quotes Emperor William as saying when inspecting the graves of soldiers during his recent visit to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The soldier who has struggled through the iron time of the world war will be a teacher and leader of the growing youths at home in building up and consolidating the republic.

"Wars bloody sword will be reformed into ploughshares in the work of peace and civilization and in the new imperial force we must as united people of brothers, show ourselves worthy of comrades in adversity."

The Emperor further is reported as saying: "Truly it was not my will that the war has come."

For Sunday Morning
Breakfasts

Jim says that Sunday is the only day he has time to enjoy his breakfast, so I always try to give him something worth enjoying. Sometimes it's a cup of coffee with cream and a sprinkling of Al Sauce, but what he likes even better than that is the heavenly kind of ham omelet I know how to make.

Take half a cup of stale bread crumbs with half a cup of hot milk, a tablespoonful of butter, and a dash of salt and pepper, and let the mixture stand for five minutes. Then add the beaten yolks of three eggs, and a cup of finely chopped ham, and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Just before I pour it into the pan I add a dash of Al Sauce and there's the rub. It's the most delicious omelet I ever made and it's a dish to set before a king. You just ask Jim.—ADV.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

New Books for the Week
at the Public Library

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES. By Coningsby Dawson. An interpretation of the "Soul of the Soldier" by the author of "Carry On."

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS. By H. T. and Wilson Fallett. Appreciations and estimates of the work of Meredith, Gissing, Hardy, James Galsworthy and other present-day novelists.

UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE. By William H. Allen. The purpose of this book is to formulate for lay students minimum aims and steps within reach of the general public. In addition, it discusses essentials for entering public service and the professions.

MOTION PICTURE EDUCATION. By Ernest A. Dench. Practical suggestions for the wider use of motion pictures in new and unique ways. The author is an expert in this field.

GENERAL TYPES OF SUPERIOR MEN. By Olaus L. Schwarz. The psychology of the various and many types of superior men is exactly the nucleus of his subject from the point of view of human progress. Schwarz ventures into all regions of human knowledge in order to build up his original philosophy of human life. Jack London.

BY THE WATERS OF AFRICA. By Emma Lorimer. This book is devoted largely to British East Africa and the British settlers' manner of life there.

THE VIOLINIST'S LEXICON. By George Lehmann. The author aims to give serious students of the violin more accurate and detailed information than is generally obtainable.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE. By H. Gordon Selfridge. A history of the methods of trade from the primitive bartering of the early centuries to the complex and scientific distribution of the modern retail store.

PAUL JONES: HIS EXPLOITS IN ENGLISH SEAS. By Don C. Seltz. A collection of British newspaper clippings recording from day to day, the activities of the famous naval hero in European waters.

TWO BELGIAN PLAYS: "MOTHER NATURE" and "PROGRESS." By Gustave Van Zype. The author, a well-known Belgian dramatist, portrays with skill and insight present-day Belgian life and character.

TWO WAR YEARS IN GERMANY. By Dr. Harry Sturmer. A tremendous indictment of German military methods, written by a former German war correspondent, detailed to report the Danneberg campaign for the most influential papers in Germany. Evidence of the German Government's responsibility for the Armenian atrocities, led the author to turn against it. He makes a formal statement on oath that he has written this book to relieve his conscience.

ANOTHER PATIENCE WORTH STORY.

OUR indolent, sensible author, Patience Worth, through her amanuensis, Mrs. Curran, gives us now in "Hope Trueblood," a story that will be easier to read and enjoy than her former works. It is written in modern English, and is described as "A mid-Victorian novel by a pre-Victorian writer." The scenes are in rural England, and the heroine, Hope Trueblood, is a young woman, born in an English village, who knows the knowledge of a father, and suffering from the stigma of supposed illegitimacy. She is, as the villagers know her, "Sally Trueblood's brat," brat being used contemptuously. Sally Trueblood dies while the child is quite small and knows little but to play and dream childish dreams. Sally dies in solitary disgrace, while her "brat" is wandering as such a child will, in the village. The chapter describing this event, and how the orphan girl took the news of her death is literature of the highest class, no matter what one may think of the claim for its source.

But the reader will not be disappointed when he goes farther into the story of the life of an unfortunate, lovable character. Other creations, such as the harsh Miss Patricia, with the sampler-reading "God is Love" on her wall; her quaint but tender-hearted brother Reuben, who insisted on taking the orphaned baby and his wife; the Willoughbys; Delicia Prue and Peter Goff, and especially the boy Rudy Strong—all these stand out clear and contrasted as only life contrasts individuals. We get to know them all.

And, after all the narrow-minded prejudices and the suffering they caused, Hope Trueblood is vindicated. It had all been a sad mistake. Rudy, too, who with Hope appeared to be the victim of circumstances that nothing could mend, was cleared. A paragraph near the end of the story gives the reader a hint at Patience Worth's purpose in writing it. Here it is:

"There had been no cause for Rudy to hide. The truth had opened the gates. There was no man but that loved him, and no woman but that looked to him with regard. Every crooked thing had been straightened. The village was free from its master. It might take up its old narrowness. It might like and dislike and deal its misery love. Oh, you who read, this means little, just the little straws that build my castle. Somewhere, oh, I fear that upon a day when I am gone and you shall read these words, there shall be a hungry one, a little child who wears the cloak of shame. Oh, will you not lend your heart and make your arms open?"

Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran, edited by Casper S. Yost and published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"INSIGHT."

THIS is the title of a book said to have been edited by Mrs. Emma C. Cushman, a daughter of William Crow, one of the founders of Washington University. "Insight" possibly means that Mrs. Cushman was the channel through which the remarkable teachings of a "purporting to come from a very lofty spiritual influence," which are embodied in the book, were received. The full title of the book is "Insight: A Record of Psychic Experiences."

It is a series of questions and answers "dealing with the world of facts, the world of ideals, and the world of realities beyond death." Its title page bears the quotation: "So from the world of spirit there descends a bridge of light connecting it with this."

Unlike most books of spiritual communications, the intelligence giving these teachings did not disclose their identity, preferring to be known by such pen names as Insight, Endurance, Discernment, Tranquility, etc. The messages were received by a small group of persons belonging to the same family, "under conditions more or less clearly indicated in the writings themselves."

Living for many years in Rome, it is not surprising that Mrs. Cushman's book may be described as an exposition of spiritual Christianity. "Insight" gave hints that he had lived on earth in the fifteenth century and was a poor monk, but is now in the heavenly spheres.

According to these communications, we shall dwell in houses in the future life and conditions will be as here glorified. However, as Swedenborg taught, since we understand it, does not exist there. Proximity will follow on desire. There are various heavens into which we may rise.

One teaching in this book has not been seen by the reviewer in former works purporting to come through inspiration. That is, that the energy of the sun is produced by powerful spirits or angels who are within its sphere, they in turn deriving their force from the Creator. It will be remembered that Swedenborg ascribed the energy of the visible sun to the presence in it of God himself. The idea of the sun being inhabited is not novel. Several years ago this reviewer wrote the following poem, which appeared in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE SUN.
What is the sun? I asked the Muse today,
And this methought I heard her sing or say:
The sun, oh mortal, is a mighty sphere
Of spirit that lived, and died, and grew here.

Of souls that through the trial furnace came,
And now he shines resplendent as a flame.
When such an one escapes from mortal chains,
He is caught up full swiftly on a ray
Which, like a magnet's force, attracts him away.
Until he reaches, with joy, the golden sun,
The sun, he finds, is not a glowing ball
Of fire, consuming life that should be saved.

Myriad he meets of shining human spirits,
And all are living, loving lights:
Some live and all are living, loving lights:
They live and all are living, loving lights.

Them live appear and heaven the sphere
Form them, each group that goes to round
Are scenes of light that fill with joy the sun,
And these bright scenes, and those still
Form one vast glittering sun-sphere by.

This, of course, was pure fancy. Mrs. Cushman's unseen inspirers, assuming that they are real, tell us in her book a good many more things about the planets and spirits of the dead than they could tell us in a whole, is ethical and religious. The book cannot but have a good influence, and is also interesting to the student of mental phenomena.

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FRANK HARRIS' OSCAR WILDE.

IN his introduction to "Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions," Frank Harris frankly admits that he has published this work against the advice of many of his friends. A goodly number, possibly a majority, of his readers undoubtedly will hold the same conclusion as to the wisdom of the venture. Yet, no one can justly question Mr. Harris' motives; his error lies in having allowed the enthusiasm of friendship to run away with his judgment. He sought to do the memory of Wilde a great kindness by lauding his literary gifts, his poetic genius, his personal charms, his brilliancy in conversation—Wilde was noted as the greatest talker in London society long before he had reached the age of 30—whereas the great kindness anyone can do Oscar Wilde's memory now is to refrain from disturbing the mantle of forgetfulness that fast is enveloping his tempestuous career.

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Books Received.

"THE FIGHTING POOL." By Dane Coolidge (Dutton & Co.). A tale of the Western Frontier, in which men with pasta, train robberies, cowboys, rangers, Indians, fast horses and plenty of gun play keep the action going to a satisfactory finish in which a pretty girl figures.

"POLICE RESERVE AND HOME DEFENSE GUARD MANUAL." By Maj. William A. Dawkins, Police Reserve, City of New York, and Inspector Cornelius F. Cahalan (Dutton & Co.). A book of practical information for police reserve men and home guards.

"THE TRIANGLE OF HEALTH." By Alma C. Arnold (Alfred A. Knopf). A book of hygiene that is witty as well as wise. It embodies Dr. Arnold's successful practice for 15 years of her system of drugless medicine.

"SCIENTIFIC DISTRIBUTION." By Charles F. Higham (Knopf). The author is a well known English advertiser who, after 15 years' experience in America, has been highly successful in introducing American ideas in Great Britain. He sees advertising as a powerful factor in the dissemination of intelligence and good will.

"GOLD AND IRON." By Joseph Hergesheimer, author of "The Three Black Pennies," etc. (Knopf). Contains three long stories—"Wild Oranges," "Tubal Cain," and "The Dark Fleece," with such different elements as the early Pennsylvania Dutch, the orange groves and mangroves of the South, and the gold fields of California. Readers of "The Three Black Pennies" will find in these new tales that the author has not lost his creative power.

"THE MAINLAND." By E. L. Watson (Knopf). A tale of the tropics, the second novel by the author of "When Bonds are Loosed." Takes one far away from the beaten track.

"THE WAR WHIRL IN WASHINGTON." By Frank W. O'Malley (Century Co.). Mr. O'Malley is a New York Sun man. His entertaining story of how the war has affected the national capital is cleverly illustrated by Tony Sorg.

"FLASHES FROM THE FRONT." By Charles H. Grasty, war correspondent of the New York Times (Century Co.). The author, Gen. Pershing says that this book will prove to be "one of the best among contemporary publications on the war." It is illustrated with pictures lent by the British Government.

"THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES." By Alice Duer Miller, author of "Ladies Must Live," etc. A love story of New York life, illustrated by Paul Meylan.

"THE STAG'S HORN BOOK." Edited by John McClure (Knopf). A collection of old and new drinking songs and humorous rhymes, most of which were better forgotten.

"INDIA AND THE FUTURE." By William Archer, author of "God and Mr. Wells" (Knopf). This well known English man of affairs shows, from a comprehensive survey of conditions, that in the course of time, Britain will have to give India self-government. A book that deserves careful study.

"WAR GARDENS." By Montague Free (Harper & Bros.). The author, who is head gardener of the Brooklyn Botanical Garden, gives us this pocket guide for home vegetable growers. It is welcome.

"THE GIRL IN HIS HOUSE." By Harold McGrath, author of "The Luck of the Irish Harpers." A mystery story, of a New York club man and a girl who was unexpected. There are some capital colored illustrations.

"JIM SPURLING, FISHERMAN." By Albert W. Tolman (Harpers). Adventures of three boys off the Maine coast.

"LIEGE: ON THE LINE OF MARCH." By Glenna L. Higginson (John Lane Co.). An American girl's experience when the Germans came through Belgium.

"ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF THE WAR." By Francis Grierson, author of "The Inevitable Alliance," etc. (John Lane Co.). A book of strikingly original comment and forecast. Speaking of conditions in England after the war, the author asserts that "men and women who are now receiving notice will return to the old scale of ten to twenty shillings." Quoting the Bishop of Peterborough that panic will reign, he sees the same condition for America also and says the slogan of the workers will be "Copia or Hell!"

"THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE WORLD WAR." By John Leyland (Doran & Co.). The title describes this book, which has some good maps and illustrations.

"RANSOM!" By Arthur Somers Roche, author of "Loot," etc. (Doran & Co.) Would probably make a good movie plot.

"WHERE THE SOULS OF MEN ARE CALLING." By Credo Harris (Britton Publishing Co.). The author is a Kentuckian, a Lieutenant stationed with the Red Cross in France. His story is described as "the first big love story to come out of the war zone."

"SOLDIERS BOTH." By Gustave Guiches, translated by Frederic Taber Cooper. (Stokes). A novel of France's call to arms and of two men who answered it, one to fight the foe, and the other, united for military duty, to till the soil. Five copies of this book will go, by order of the War Service Department of the American Library Association, to the library of every camp in the United States. The book makes a very deep appeal.

Your Continued Success
Depends Upon Milk

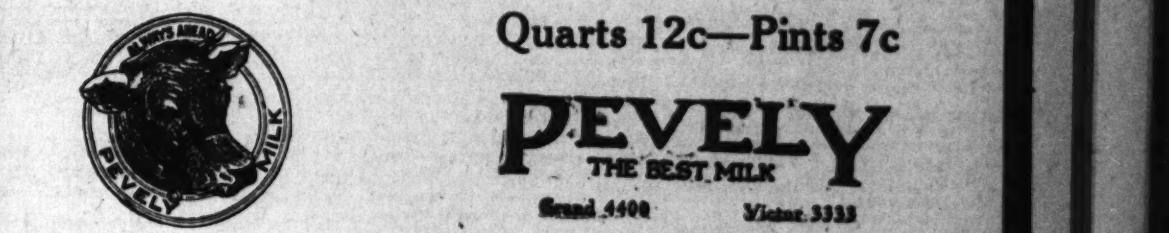
Read What Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University Says:

PROBABLY the greatest living authority on foods and diet is Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University. His article in Hoard's Dairyman of December 21st, 1917, on "The Relation of the Dairy Industry to the Public Health" has attracted wide attention. In this article he declares:

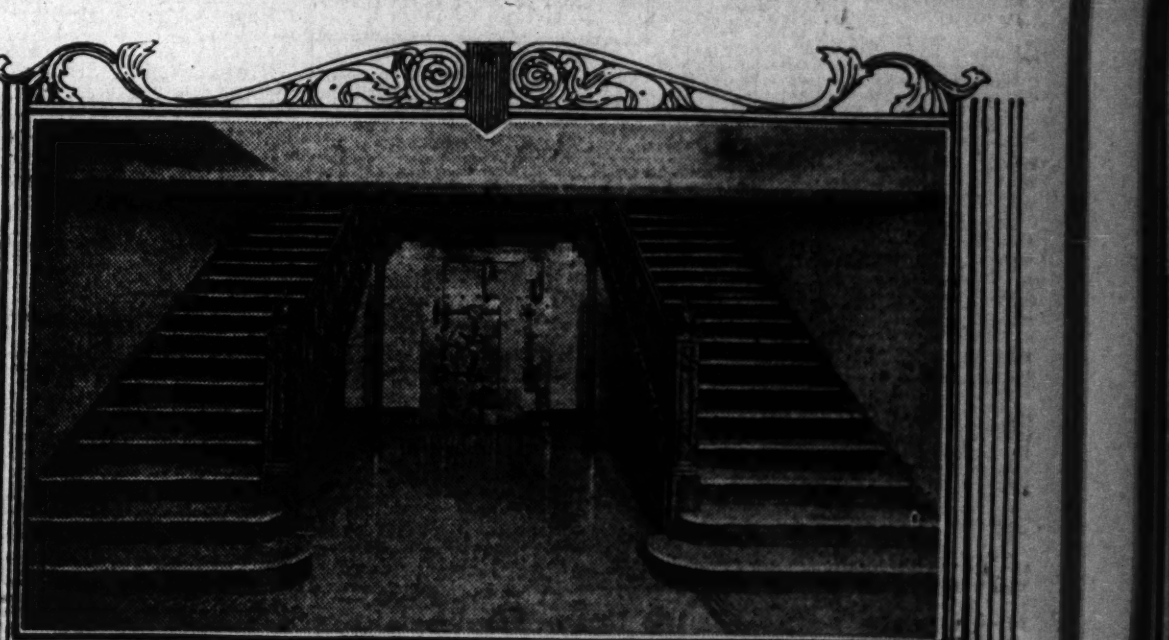
- 1st—"Milk is the greatest factor of safety in making good the deficiencies of the grains which form and must continue to form the principal source of energy in our diet.
- 2nd—"Without the continued use of milk, not only for the feeding of our children, but in liberal amounts in cookery and as an adjunct to our diet, we cannot as a nation maintain the position as a world power to which we have arisen.
- 3rd—"The keeping of dairy animals is the greatest factor in the history of the development of man from the state of barbarism.
- 4th—"I feel it my privilege to point out that we are still dependent upon the dairy industry for our continued prosperity.
- 5th—"Let us appreciate the debt we owe to the milk producer and reward him according to the service he renders."

In this week's Literary Digest the Food Administration is urging every body to use more milk.

Be sure you get Pevely Milk—perfectly pasteurized and bottled by the exclusive Pevely method.



Quarts 12c—Pints 7c
Grand 4400 Victor 3333



Mercantile Trust Fireproof, Burglar Proof, Bomb Proof
Safe Deposit Vaults

THE business of the Safe Deposit Department has grown proportionately with our other nine departments, making it necessary to greatly extend this branch of our institution.

It is probably our most impressive department, inasmuch as the great steel doors to the vaults have every appearance of armored housings.

The construction of these vaults may well be regarded as super-impenetrable, as there is no way whatsoever by which they can become surreptitiously entered. Nor is there any way by which fire can reach the contents.

The Mercantile Safe Deposit Box service is protective in the highest degree. The system is such that no one but the box holder can have access to this box. Writing rooms, coupon rooms, and private telephone booths contribute to your convenience.

You may deposit in your box Liberty Bonds, deeds, insurance policies, notes, your will, and valuables of every description. They are absolutely safe and free from intrusion.

All this safety and convenience accompanies your Safe Deposit Box, irrespective of size. The prices are as low as \$5 a year.

Visit Our Safe Deposit Department and see for yourself our responsible provisions for protecting your valuables. If you were unable to come in during Opening Week, make your visit next week.

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal Reserve System U.S. Government Protection
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HOMES

GIRLS-2 Two girls for general housework; small family. Call 2187 Rauchenberger.

YOUNG WOMEN-Bright, neat, 18 to 20 years old; must have experience in general housework for clerical work in insurance office; no school education and other experience preferred; reasonable wages offered; references required for advancement. Box B-64, Post Dispatch.

GIRL-Immediately, neat tidy girl for housework; small family; no washing.

TRUCKS

HAULING WOOD-Steady; 14-ton Ford truck; good condition; excellent driver; reasonable. A. Spharkey, 2000 Vernon.

GOOD CHANCE for couple wanting to own housekeeping; 3 rooms; furnished; everything new; \$100 down; balance on outlook; prompt delivery; touring; must sell; cash bargain. T. H. Knudsen.

REPAIRING, ETC.

STUDENT delivers OMA graduated and experienced.

MURDER-Six-room bungalow flat; everything new; fine lawn on three acres; \$12,000.00. Mrs. J. C. Schaefer, 1924 1st St., phone 1000.

FORTH, 2041-C-60m. Board. All equipment included. Large garden. \$2500.

WOMEN-Flat; modern; 5 rooms; large garden. \$2500.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

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Grand 1565, 1029 Cottadena.	<p>SHOEWORKERS</p> <p>Best prices for old and new materials; guaranteed work; prompt delivery. Call: J. J. McLaughlin, 1029 Central Ave., St. Louis 10, Mo.</p>	<p>FORD—For sale. 1913 cabriolet; electric starter; bargain. 3141 Locust. Bonomo 2-1011.</p>	<p>M. P. S. Electric Light Car Wash, 2229-2231 Locust at Central. 6968. (2)</p>	<p>DWELLINGS FOR RENT</p> <p>NORTH ST. LOUIS, 4111 N. 1st St. rooming house for 10 persons. Call: 6968. (2)</p>
<p>Call: For general house work; references returned; best willing to do extra work. Also 3264 Van Vleet.</p>	<p>TREES — Experienced; best working conditions; highest pay.</p> <p>FEATHERS—30,000 pounds old feathers; pay \$4.00 for old, 80¢ the new. Montana Feather Co., 1029 Central Ave., St. Louis 10, Mo.</p>	<p>FORD—For sale. 1918 coupe, demountable wheels, 2 extra tires and tires; good running order. Call: 6968. (2)</p>	<p>ACCESSORIES, PARTS, ETC.</p> <p>WELLS, 2229-2231 Locust at Central. 6968. (2)</p>	<p>IMPROVED PROPERTY FOR SALE</p> <p>Call: 6968. (2)</p>
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FURNITURE WID—We buy highest cash prices for all kinds of furniture houses, stores or entire contents of houses. FRANK C. FLYNN, 2800 Market, Belmont 3494, Central.

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WAGNER TIRE CO., formerly Universal Tire Co., 3218 Locust at

BICYCLES AND MOTOR CYCLES

DIMAR Bicycles, 5000A—Newly furnished rooms.

GATES, 101—12-room brick central hall, air, bathry, billiard room, furnace heat, garage. Call 1-1000. Best class.

TERRY & CO., 683 Chestnut st. P.

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MAID-6636 Rahav, et. (C2)	WANTED-SOMEONE TO FINANCE A MOVING PICTURE COMPANY TO PRODUCE MOVIES IN JACKSONVILLE. P.O. BOX 23-35, POST-DISPATCH. (7)	FURNITURE WANTED BADLY. Spring. (C7)	TORNS-For male, two roomsters; owner wants army. Clayton Road, Florissant, 6384 Clayton. (C7)	Indian; on speedster, Riverside 3D1W. 8112 S. Broadway. (C7)	HAMILTON, 1038-Unfurnished 1st floor of 3 rooms and reception hall. (C7)
MAID-6634 Lafayette, Grand (C2)			MOTOR CYCLES-For male, Harley Davidson, 1970, run 1700 miles; good condition. Coca Cola Bottling Co., 1113 Clark av. (C7)	Wanted-FINE 1st floor, 2 room, bath; will install electric and put in first-class plumbing. (C7)	
MAID-Experienced, Call lines Maryland Hotel, 9th and Pine. (C7)				SHOES-For male, size 10, garden; low cheap; leaving town. redskins, 10000 Hwy to Quebec, walk north. (C7)	

<p>BARBERS—Two, \$15 a week to start. Job and good room to work in; in vicinity 110 & Main st., Memphis. (1) Lewis's.</p>	<p>DRY GOODS STOCK—And notions, consisting of men's dresses and underwear, ladies' suits and children's; also coats, piece goods and general notions; all good, clean stock; invoice \$220; fixtures; act quickly, get in on this job. (1) Central 4433 or Main 208.</p>	<p>MILK COWS—For sale, and calves. (1) Central 4433 or Main 208.</p>	<p>HARNES Wide—23 sets double work harness; must be in good condition and price right. See Oliver's. (1) Central 4433 or Main 208.</p>	<p>HORSES AND MILKERS wide—Unable to work. Call Tyler 1608.</p>	<p>APARTMENTS WEST</p>
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<p>Operators on Union Special and side seam overalls; very many to experienced operators.</p>	<p>SHOE STORE For sale; with a big cas- sue repairing shop; doing good business; in new town; reason for sale: owner leaving town. Address M. Eberlin, Blytheville, Ark. (1)</p>	<p>LAKE—Cottages and household goods for sale. Bids: Southern shrimpers, Mr. Banks, 1000 Olive St., St. Louis. (1)</p>	<p>FORD—Ford 1941, Gray & Davis start- ing new Ford 1942. (1)</p>	<p>MACHINERY</p>
<p>WAGONS For sale; extra heavy 8-horse stage wagon; is delivery wagon. 2043 Easton. (2)</p>	<p>WAGONS For sale; extra heavy 8-horse stage wagon; is delivery wagon. 2043 Easton. (2)</p>	<p>WEST PINE BL. 1451—Room, all conven- iences. Machine 4760W. (2)</p>	<p>WAGONS For sale; extra heavy 8-horse stage wagon; is delivery wagon. 2043 Easton. (2)</p>	<p>WAGONS For sale; extra heavy 8-horse stage wagon; is delivery wagon. 2043 Easton. (2)</p>
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SALES ON BUNGALOW APRONS
 make from \$12 to \$14 per
 apron. See us today with
 your order.

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Apply to Mr. Brookman.
(c)

POPCORN MACHINE For sale. "Butter-
fly" brand; heavy dew; gas and electric. \$10
N.H.

POWELL HOUSE For sale. weather-
proof office building, size half lot, and
smaller building. Call 2-1111.

SAFES, VAULT DOORS, WALL SAFES
N.H.

STUDEBAKER For sale, 1917, 4-cylinder
touring car, newly painted, \$750; see Mr.
Cousins, 2211 Central, Belmont 41, Concord
3882.

VELVE For sale, 1917 "4" touring car, good
condition. Call 2-1111.

MUSICAL
Sold note, 10 line, minimum \$50.
Discount to 75 cents on three or
more.

VON VERSEN, 5148—Large, well furnished
24-floor front room; first-class bath. Free
to call.

FURNISHED HOUSES WANTED
LOANS ON PERSONAL PROPERTY

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Belgium's Government Moves to Antwerp as the Germans Sweep on Towards Brussels

Brand Whitlock Describes the Scenes in the
Capital as the Invading Hordes Approach
—an Audience With the Queen
—Trenches in the Street to
Stay the Conquerors.

By BRAND WHITLOCK,
United States Minister to Belgium.

XVI.

WHO having lived in Brussels through that terrible month of August, can think of those days, with their exaltations, their emotions, their hopes and fears, their terror and despair, without the memory of that wonderful sunlight which filled them to the brim? Day after day went by, and with each new morning the miracle was renewed. It was a phenomenon new to Brussels and to Belgium, where it rains as often as it does in Scotland. It was of the iron impet in life. There were moments when, looking at the wide, cloudless sky, thinking perhaps of Bois de la Woluwe, where doubtless the rabbits still nibbled at the rose-leaves, and the two magpies fluttered about with the "good news" they never delivered, or of Ravenstein, where the larks were warbling in the sun high above the eleventh hole, one would say that all this madness and fury could not be, that a world so lovely wherein life might have so much beauty and so much glory and so much meaning, should instead be given over to such an insane orgy of blood and lust and cruelty, was to make one despair of the human race. It could not be! And yet—there were miserable German refugees forever huddling in the corridors of the legation, shaken by their fears, and there in the courtyard, whiling away their time playing at cards, the lads of the Garde Civique, those young lawyers and doctors and clerks, that rudimentary organism of the Belgian commune, the old Burgersrecht, with its traditions of Jacques van Artevelde.

The heroic resistance of the little Belgian army in the forts along the Meuse—the forts that Gen. Leman, who then commanded them, had himself constructed—created an extraordinary enthusiasm that vibrated nervously in the sparkling sunlight, producing a kind of contagious exhilaration, a veritable intoxication; men met each other in the streets and said ecstatically: "Les forts tiennent toujours!" (The forts are still holding out.)

Lovely Brussels was lovelier than ever; but somehow, with a wistful, waning loveliness, infinitely pathetic. All over the Quartier Leopold the white facades of the houses bloomed in flags, their black and yellow colors transparent in the sunlight; in the forest the sunlight filtered through the leaves, creating the green bores of the trees, and through the heavy sunlight that lay on the fields the mound of Waterloo was outlined against the sky.

Waiting, in Apprehension

In the Bois, in the midst of woodland peace, the children were playing and lovers whispered still their marvelous discoveries. The expected battle was not yet—but the uhlands were drawing nearer; one could almost fancy them there behind the trees. But no, not yet—it was only a troop of gardes civiques a cheval, in their uniforms of green and their gray fur busbies; young Davignon among them, waving his hand at me.

At night the town was strangely still—everyone seemed to be waiting. The outskirts of the German army were only 20 miles away; the German cavalry was said to be at Tilleur. But the movements of the French and the English were surrounded with impenetrable mystery. There was nothing to do but to wait.

"What will tomorrow bring forth?" M. de Leval would say before going home for the night.

And yet nothing happened. The days went by. The city grew quieter, was filled indeed with a kind of silent glory, with its countless flags, like mammoth tulips full of light, the shimmer of the sun—and the waiting.

Our information was all so fragmentary, so unrelated, so disproportionate. We were like the man who in the hot midst of the Civil War tried to write a history of it, describing as "pivot" a battle in which he had just engaged, which, in the light of subsequent developments, proved to be only a skirmish. We knew, in fact, nothing save bits of gossip or small items of personal interest; the young Princes, Leopold and Charles, had appeared on the boulevard, with their governess, quite simply; the crowds swarmed around them enthusiastically; near the Hospital St. Jean, there at the Rue Pacheco, the military guard had suddenly called "Garde a vous!" and there was the Queen in her motor, with Gen. Jungbluth in uniform by her side; and we uncovered while her majesty, who seemed to bear the sorrows of her country on her heart, went in to visit the wounded who had already been brought in from Liege.

English and French Come

Then one evening a note came from Count Clary, asking if our Consul at Ghent would take over the Austrian consulate there, their man—a Belgian honorary Consul—having resigned in indignation. Also, would I take over the Austrian legation? "The fifth invitation of this kind I had received in a week."

Villalobar and I had a long, serious discussion of the situation. I told him of my intention to remain in Belgium, no matter what befell; without leaving Belgium to renderable attention, I had feeling that there would be work to do there; I had already accepted the responsibility of protecting Belgian interests and, with American interests, I felt that anomalous as the situation would be, the Government to leave, that work would

be more important just then than any other. He was wholly of my opinion; he had agreed to act for French interests and we agreed to act in concert. We had nothing then to do but wait.

"Les forts tiennent toujours!" "But we had seen no soldiers save Belgians, though a few German prisoners were brought in; they thought that they were in France and expressed surprise that Paris was not larger."

Then one morning M. de Leval came in with the news that the French had arrived; cavalry had entered the city the night before; he had seen them from his balcony going down the Avenue de la Toloson d'Or, a squadron of weary troopers, nodding over their horses' necks. And Mr. Gibson had seen them at the Porte de Namur; they were hailed by shouts of "Vive la France!" and the cavalrymen roused themselves to reply "Vive la Belgique!" Girls had come out from the cafes at the Porte de Namur with trays of beer, which the soldiers drank thirstily.

The city of Liege had been occupied, but this, the communiques assured us, was unimportant so long as the forts held, and "les tiennent toujours." The population there was said to be calm, even if hostages had been taken, the Bishop and the Burgomaster among them. Then one evening it was told in town that the uhlands had been seen in the Fort de Soignes.

We went for a drive in the Bois with the feeling that perhaps it would be the last. There suddenly, around a turn in the road, into the peaceful scene, swept a train of motor cars filled with British officers; the seats of the cars were piled high with baggage, and after them came two cars of English nurses. They all rushed madly by, and our hearts rose at our first sight of the khaki uniforms. The English were there at last.

Prayer for Wilson

XVII.

WE saw no English, however, other than those in the swift motors that dashed eastward through the Bois, no other French than those tired cavalrymen M. de Leval had seen going along the boulevard, drooping with fatigue over their horses' necks. The newspapers might announce that no official acknowledgment of the surrender of the forts of Liege had been made, that the "situation reste favorable," "les forts tiennent toujours," the rumors that flew from mouth to mouth were otherwise, and people knew; the snow, persistent truth percolating silently.

Then one day for the first time there were cryptic notes in the press; the situation was serious; the 3 o'clock edition of Le Soir had an allusion to grave events and, instantly, all over town, there were rumors of a German advance, the invaders were drawing near, the uhlands were seen at this place and that!

The hours wore away; one got somehow through the day, the spirits declining toward evening with the sun; for then the rumors began to pour into the legation, brought by the fugitives who came for consolation, or by the timorous who came for encouragement or information; they whispered more and more of awful atrocities, hideous deeds, committed near Tilleur; the Germans were said to have asked the peasants' houses, killed the men, thrust bayonets through the breasts of girls, hung a Belgian soldier up by the thumbs. I went to bed that night feeling like the sad Pestalozzi.

At the English church that last Sunday morning the organ was not in commission. The organist played on a little harmonium and the choir broke down every few minutes, but services were never held under circumstances more impressive. The atmosphere was heavy with the emotions of the hour. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" read the little curate, and there was an unmeaning sigh. At the prayer for King George V there was a pregnant silence; when he added: "and for Albert, King of the Belgians," he paused and the silence deepened, and then, as he went on: "and Thy servant, the President of the United States," one felt—why not avow it even if it is Anglo-Saxon—one felt close to tears. The curate, instead of a sermon of his own, rather wisely, I thought, read a published sermon by the Bishop. It may have suffered an attenuating process in the transmission, but there was one good sentence in it, not by the curate, nor even by the Bishop, but by Lord Kitchener, who had said to his men after the South African campaign: "You have tasted the salt of life, and you will not forget its flavor."

The Calm Queen

There are times, there are certain moments in life, when the old prayers, the old hymns, suddenly acquire a new meaning and afford a consolation that no other words can give. What floods of memory out of far-off youth, out of that far-off land! The mentality of our race is formed, our very being saturated with the literature of the King James version of the English Bible, with the prayer-book, and with Shakespeare. The intellectual processes, and the mode of instinctive thought and impressions of thousands who could not cite you a line out of any of them, are all due to those three collections out of the golden age of English literature. It is that that singles out our race from all others and makes different; the French have Moliere and Racine in place of Shakespeare, but in the effect on their mentality, instead of the King James version they have the fables of La Fontaine. And that morning, when the world was falling asunder all about them, it was this great common heritage that drew the English and the Americans in that congregation somehow together, so that as we came out of the church into the narrow little Rue de Stasart, and Sir Francis' motor rolled up, flying a little British flag, and Sir Francis entered his limousine, the men of the congregation uncovered as he drove away, and as the car came up flying the American flag, the Englishmen uncovered again.

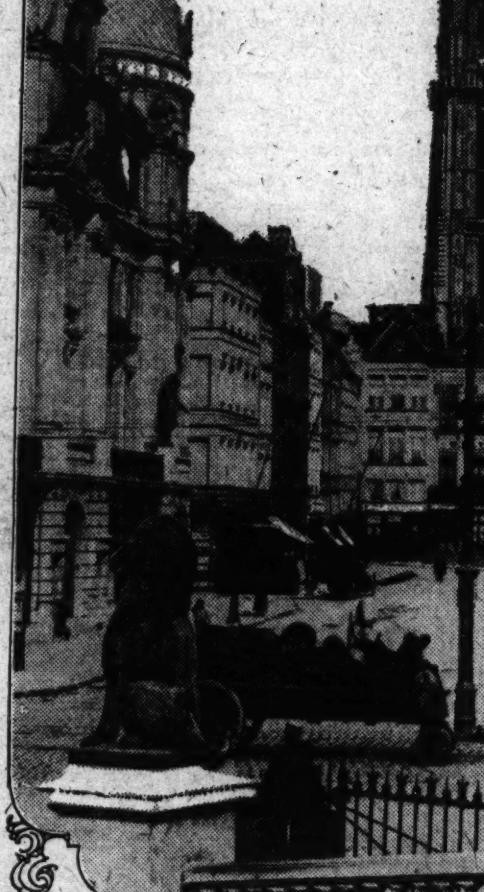
XVIII.

I HAD asked an audience of the Queen for Miss Boyle O'Reilly, who had a message of sympathy from America, and that afternoon word came that the Queen would grant the audience at 4:30. We drove to the palace, not that day

to the grille d'honneur, but to the entrance in the quiet, shady little Rue Brailmont, there where the high walls shuts in the palace grounds. The military guard was on the qui vive, and once admitted, we were received by an old major-domo with black mutton-chop whiskers and shown up to a little waiting room where we were received by one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, the Countess d'O.

We had to wait, and talked for a long time—about the war, of course, the Countess very much moved, her eyes filling with tears every few minutes. But after a while, accompanied by the good Dr. le Boeuf, who had done so much for the Red Cross, we were conducted down the long red-carpeted corridor to the Queen's private apartments, and shown into the little blue drawing room. And presently the Queen entered. She wore a simple blue gown with transparent sleeves and a white, low, girlish collar; not a jewel, only her wedding ring on her hand, and her hair dressed in delicate simplicity. She was calm, with a certain gravity, and her blue eyes were wistful in the little smile that hovered about her lips. There was no ceremony at this rather unusual presentation.

We went for a drive in the Bois with the feeling that perhaps it would be the last. There suddenly, around a turn in the road, into the peaceful scene, swept a train of motor cars filled with British officers; the seats of the cars were piled high with baggage, and after them came two cars of English nurses. They all rushed madly by, and our hearts rose at our first sight of the khaki uniforms. The English were there at last.



ANTWERP'S PRINCIPAL STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM THE QUAY VAN DYCK. THE CATHEDRAL, WHOSE SPIRE, 402 FEET HIGH, IS ONE OF THE FINEST EXISTING SPECIMENS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

We were walking down the long, state apartments, with their glittering chandeliers, all vastly different then from their aspect when last I had seen them, thronged with men in brilliant uniforms at a court ball. They were filled that day with long lines of hospital coats, the white coverlets already drawn back—waiting for the wounded. At the foot of each cot a little Belgian flag was fastened.

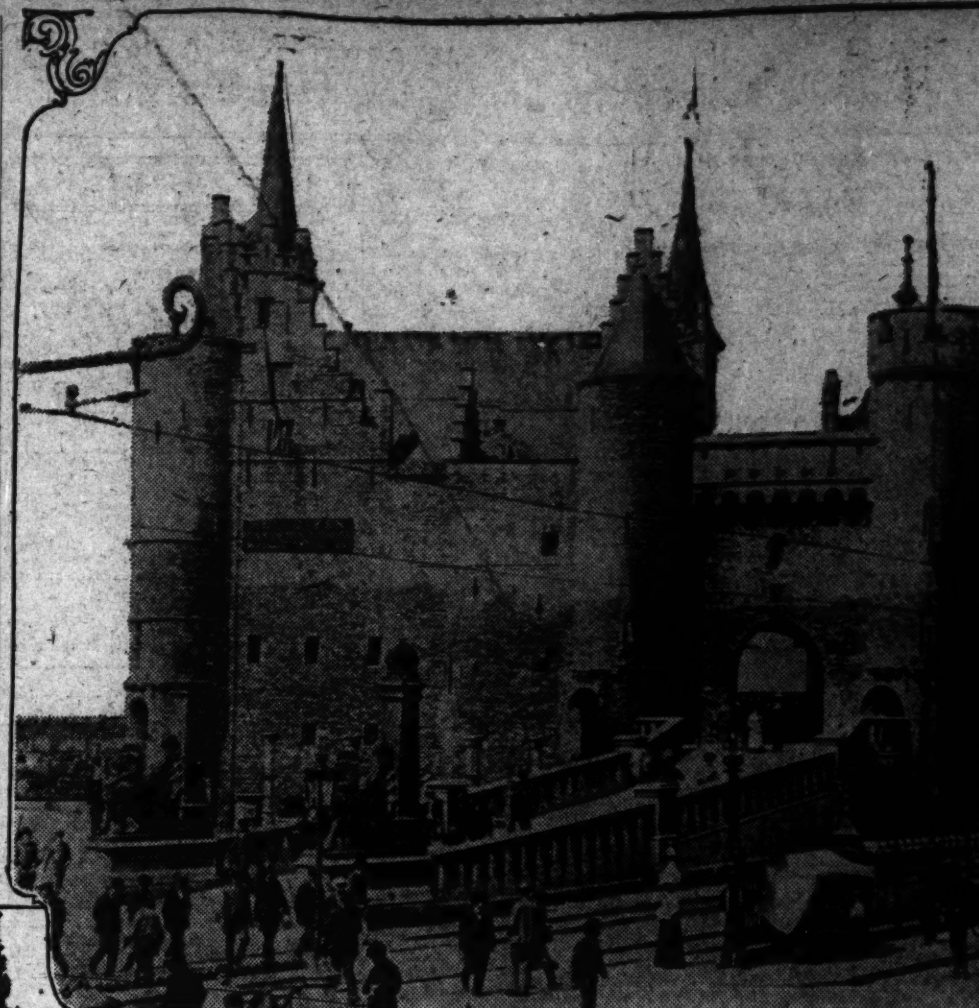
The Move to Antwerp

"The children put them here," said the Queen. Up and down through those long apartments we passed in that model hospital into which, within eight days, the Queen had transformed her palace. Gone the old staterooms and luxury; nothing now but those white cots, operating tables, tables with glass tops, white porcelain utensils, even X-ray apparatus—with all their sinister implication. Now and then a nurse would appear, dropping a curtsy as the Queen passed.

In our tour we found ourselves in one of the entrances facing the park. "The diplomatic entrance," said the Queen, with a sad smile; "all closed now!" Back up the grand staircase then, and at the door of the Queen's apartments she withdrew, pausing as the door closed behind her to turn and make a little gesture of farewell. It was to be nearly three years before I saw her majesty again.

It must have been that same day that I had the telegram from London, announcing that 200 American newspaper correspondents were about to descend upon us in force! I went at once to the Foreign Office to deliver the ultimatum, announcing this latest invasion, and to ask the Count d'Ureel to prepare a "warm shower" and not a "cold shower" for them. The correspondents arrived on Monday morning, not 200, but two—Richard Harding Davis and Gerald Morgan. I went with them to the Foreign Office, and presented them to the Baron Van der Elst, and then to the old Gendarmerie Nationale in the Boulevard Waterloo, for laissez-passeurs, brassards, etc. The scene was one that might have marked the French Revolution. The Gendarmerie is a great white block of a building, simple and severe, and yet French in allure. The great courtyard was crowded with weapons and horses and anxious people, and around a deal table sat gendarmes, wearing the little bonnet de police which, with its gay tassel dangling down on the forehead, is traditional in Belgium from the time of the Revolution of 1830.

There were bottles of ink and bottles of paste—and there should have been bottles of wine—to make the scene wholly and satisfyingly revolutionary. We sat there for a long time in the sunlight, while Davis and Morgan were given



THE SIXTH INSTALLMENT

TODAY is published the sixth installment of Brand Whitlock's story of the tragedy of Belgium. In the last installment was given Germany's amazing proposal to the Belgian Government, in which after invading the country in violation of international treaties, and smashing the frontier fortresses, the Germans requested a compact with Belgium by which the latter would offer no further resistance to the German army's passage through the country to occupy French territory, in return for which Germany was to evacuate Belgium as soon as the state of war would enable her to; and Belgium's dignified reply scorning the proposal.

The historical narrative of the United States Minister will be published entire in the Post-Dispatch, a full page appearing every Saturday.

around to see the Mannekin and so on through the narrow, charming streets, invested with a greater charm perhaps because of the premonition of change.

We drove out to the Avenue Louise, that those who did not know it might see the lovely Bois de la Cambre. And there, at the head of the broad avenue, where it widens to form the entrance to the noble park, we saw a scene that was to preoccupy my thoughts for long, anxious hours. A strip of paving extending across the avenue was torn up and a trench had been dug, hardly wide enough or deep enough for a gas main. The earth and the paving stones that had been removed to form it, were heaped along the edge, and before this slightest of barricades barbed wire was loosely strung. And, standing knee-deep in the trench, was a company of the Garde Civique, innocent, smiling—waiting for the advance of the German army.

News of Massacres

They stood there, those untrained boys and young men, clerks, students, petits bourgeois—in their improvised uniforms, bowler hats decorated with cords and nodding tassels, armed, to be sure, with rifles, but no more training than that they had received in Sunday afternoon marches through the pleasant forest, or a parade on some fete day, that rudimentary organization, that city guard, all that was left of the burger watch of olden time, the stock butt of Brussels wit, the standing joke of music halls and revues, sternly courageous, no doubt, fired with the best patriotic impulses, and filled with the spirit of the stout burghers of the old free cities, but only a welcome incentive and excuse to the gray coming hordes. It required not very lively imagination to picture the scene that would ensue if a column of German soldiers should debouch out of the shades of the stately Bois—one whiff of mitraille, one volley, and lovely Brussels doomed!

That afternoon Villalobar and I agreed that as a diplomatic courtesy we should call on Burgomaster Max, the highest authority then left in Brussels. We went to the Hotel de Ville, where all was confusion, and word came, asking if the Burgomaster might receive us in la Salle de Guerre, that is, police headquarters, an office that looks and smells like all police stations the world over. M. Max came down, smiling, carefully dressed as usual, calm, master of himself and evidently pleased with our call.

But we came away somewhat depressed, not by anything that the Burgomaster had said, but by our impression of what was impending. For those barricades at the entrance of the Bois, those Garde Civiques, so ridiculously inadequate, were ever in my mind. I asked the Marquis to go with me to the Bois to see them; and there they were in their little trench, at the end of the avenue. They halted us at the entrance to the Bois, but after scrutinizing our passes they let us go on and we made what we felt might be our final circuit of the lovely park.

There is always something to laugh at in life, even if it is only to keep from weeping, as Figaro said. Depressed as we were by the not wholly reassuring spectacle of that pitiable defense as we came away and drove down the avenue in the early evening, there was a sardonic smile on the handsome Spanish countenance of the Marquis of Villalobar.

XX.

AND now it is Wednesday, the 19th of August, a day of terrible tension, of extreme anxiety, over the city a dreadful menace hangs, the atmosphere is charged with portents, and everyone is depressed. It is preternaturally still; the sun glitters on the white facades of the

houses, and one by one the Belgian flags are taken in and the shutters put up at the windows.

The Belgian general staff has fallen back from Louvain to Malines. All day long columns of peasants, in carts and on foot, pour in from the east; a continuous stream with weary patient, and faces—fleeing before the German advance.

A refugee lawyer who escaped with his family from Francorchamps, near Malines, came into the legation and told of the horrors that were being committed in Luxembourg—burned, peasant shot down, massacres and speakable outrages. A troop of Belgian men, unkempt, with grimy faces, their gray hair with dust, a picture by Detaille of the old Quartier Leopold.

And yet there was that strange phenomenon always to be observed in times of crisis, persistence with which life goes on in its usual and usual sequences; for that morning I went with M. de Leval to the school of Brussels for the children of the poor. We went to this old quarter near the Quai aux Boies, the little ones marching in while we were bowing to us as they passed, to seat themselves at the long, low tables to eat, their mothers, their rolls, in the infinite paths that lead to childhood, especially to the childhood of the poor. Two little girls had been fighting, one entered and the defeated one stood up against a wall, hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed bitterly; her companions, with a savage stoicism of children, taking no notice of her pain.

Correspondents Arrive

When I got back to the legation, Villalobar there, very grave, with news that the Germans were at hand. He had no account of Sir Francis Villiers' case, formally to be over his legation. He wore the British uniform of a distinguished gentleman, whose hair had turned white in his King's service. He said that he complained of the trouble of packing up his belongings, and of his whole family. "A most frightful bore!" he called it.

There was little to do, since his archives were already in my possession. We discussed the details, deciding that between us no arrangements for departure were necessary. I shall lunch quietly at half-past 11, and "motor over to Antwerp this afternoon."

There was no more to say. I disliked to go home. We had been good friends, and when I was new at the post, Sir Francis had me many delicate attentions, rendered me kindly services. I had grown to be fond of him and of his whole family. Sir Francis had held out his hand.

"I trust that it is only au revoir," he said. We shook hands warmly, bowed, and he was away.

After him came McCutcheon and Cobb, with them Will Irwin, the latest correspondent to arrive. They were eager to get to the front. "You have only to wait a few hours," he said. "The front will come to you."

But they were impatient; and started for Louvain, promising to be back to dine with me that night.

"We were all rather grave at luncheon," I tried not to let the mothers see. I could not see those Garde Civiques and their little trench on the Avenue Tervuren—out of my mind.

Villalobar came at 1 o'clock and we drove over; something must be done. And so we went to the Ministers de la Guerre, described the Baron de Broqueville and occupied by Gen. de Broqueville, commanding la Garde Civique, a military governor, or I know not what, rate, the ranking military authority left in the city.

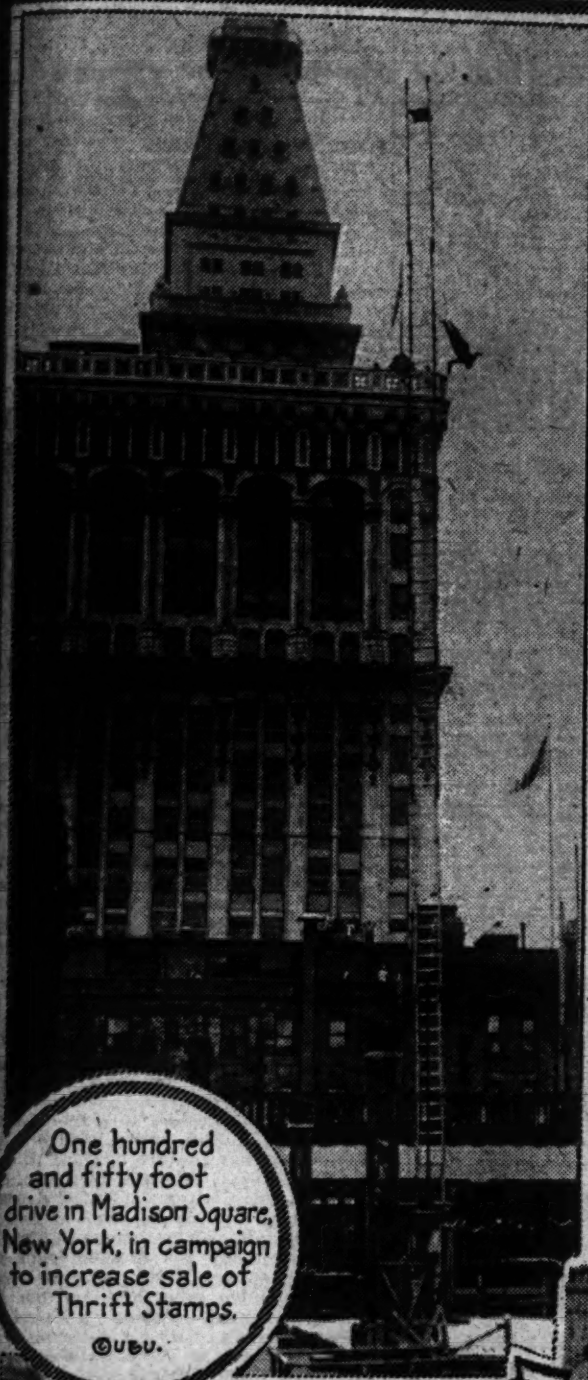
We were admitted at once into his private study. He was in the Baron de Broqueville's bureau, Broqueville's desk and had an aid with him received us standing, and we remained throughout the interview. Mon General was big man, with dark bronze skin and features, his eyes, his capote, kept and sword by his side, near by, all ready. The aid hovered anxiously near him.

We told him that we had come to pay respects, and he bowed like a soldier and we sat in his gruff voice. Then, deliberately, we approached the question of the defense of the city, feeling our way with "General?" to an opening that would permit us to give our counsel to attempt nothing but means at his command.

(Another full page of Brand Whitlock's story will be published in next week's Post-Dispatch.)

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Just one month, be American



One hundred and fifty foot drive in Madison Square, New York, in campaign to increase sale of Thrift Stamps.



The admiral who made the raids on Ostend and Zeebrugge, Sir Roger Keyes.



A place worth seeing and a date that should be remembered. Since that day in October this gun has hurled more than 18,000 shells at the enemy...



Preparing to flee from the Germans. A scene in a French village during the first week of the great German offensive...



Field mass for 20,000 soldiers at Camp Dix.



Just one of the many phases of the work of the Red Cross abroad. When Paris, last month, became swamped with refugees from country districts invaded by the Germans, American workers met them at railroad stations and helped find for them temporary havens.



The most recent fires in Rheims. Photo taken from French observation airplane, as the city was being bombed.

A Weekly Health Talk

FOREWORD.

THE Women's Page has arranged to get from the City Health Department a weekly "Health Talk" on topics that will be of general interest. It will be of value as analysis of prevalent diseases and all with suggestions for remedies and the precautions necessary for checking their spread.

Today, in the first of these "Health Talks," a warning is given to St. Louisans to regard with more seriousness whooping cough, an outbreak of which is now reaching its crest in the city.

We are made for each other, and we shall remain whether God gives us life or not.

The isolation of all infected persons is deemed so important by the health authorities that Dr. Jordan, stated his department would send to police court every physician or parent who failed to report a case of whooping cough as soon as discovered.

Try Pai-Tsai

IGS is pigs," according to the classic story of that name. But when it is Pai-Tsai, or Chinese cabbage, is the answer given in a bulletin from the National Garden Commission of Washington. Chinese cabbage nevertheless is a very fine vegetable, and every farmer will do well to include it in his crop.

It is not a real cabbage, but is a combination of cabbage, cauliflower and spinach. The spring crop is used as a pot herb, cooked like spinach, but the fall crop heads like cauliflower and is more like cabbage. This does not form a hard head like cauliflower, but has a loose head of leaves forming at the surface of ground instead on a stem like cabbage. Seedmen sell seeds under the name of Pai-Tsai, or Chinese cabbage.

Plant the seeds in a seed box now, as soon as the plants are large enough transplant them to the garden. Set the plants two feet apart. Way. Have the soil rich and loose, well, so as to allow a rapid growth. The sprouting of this crop depends upon the speed with which it develops. If the plants grow slowly they will be tough. If they grow fast they will be tender. If they will pay to water them.

The fall crop should be started at the same time as fall turnips. Plant the seeds in a seed bed, keep it well watered and as soon as the plants are large enough transplant them to the garden and cultivate thoroughly. The plants will mature quicker than turnips, and will be much enjoyed. It has been grown in many parts of the country.

VICKY VAN

Trace of Vicky Van Has Vanished and the General Conclusion Is That She Is the Slayer.

By Carolyn Wells.

"A Chain of Evidence," "The Blue," "Curved Blades," "The Mark of Cain," etc.

THE two maiden ladies also grew quiet, but we all nervously awaited the return of the butler. He came. "The master, madame," he said simply, to his mistress as he opened the door. "He is dead."

The differential gravity of his tone seemed me aware with the master's fate, and I felt that the stricken lady was a tower of strength in the crisis.

"What Cooper there, madame," he said. "They will not bring Vicky home tonight. In the morning, perhaps. And now, madame, you go to rest." I will tell you the service of these gentlemen.

"I thought I thought to myself. And then I sighed at the memory of Vicky Van. Had she killed this man? Of course, I know. I was sure Vicky had never met Randolph Scuyler before that evening. I had seen their meeting, and it was too surely the glance of a stranger to stranger that had passed between them, to make a previous acquaintance possible. Vicky had been charming to him, as she always was to everyone, but she showed no special interest, and if she did really kill him, it was some unguessable motive that prompted the deed.

"I thought it over. Scuyler, at the club, dined and wine, had perhaps heard Norman Steele extol the charms of Vicky Van. Interested, he had asked to be taken to Vicky's house, but as it was so near his own, he had adopted another name.

"Then the inexplicable sequel! And the mysterious disappearance of Vicky herself.

"Though, of course, the girl would return. As Mrs. Reeves had said, doubtless she had witnessed the crime, and, scared out of her wits, had run away. Her return would clear up the matter.

Then the waiter's story?

Well, there was much to be done. And, as I suddenly thought of it, it was time I, myself, went home.

As I passed Vicky Van's house, on my way home, I saw lights pretty much all over it, and was strongly tempted to go in. But common sense told me I needed rest, and not only did I have many matters to attend to on the morrow, but I had to tell the story to Aunt Lucy and Winnie!

That, of itself, would require some thought and tactful management, for I was not willing to have them condemn Vicky Van entirely, and yet, I could think of no argument to put forth for the girl's innocence.

Time alone must tell.

CHAPTER VI.

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"A reporter! A reporter!" Winnie had said. A Bengal tiger, she couldn't have looked more terrified.

"Great Scott! Win—I remember! Clear out, I'll be down in a minute."

I dressed in record time and went downstairs in five leaps.

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"Oh, Chet, this is Mr. Bemis of the Meteor. He's telling us all about the murder!"

"I was too timid to say the word murder, and I was sorry she had to hear the awful tale from anyone but myself. However, there was no help for it now, and I joined the group and did all I could to bring Aunt Lucy's eyebrows and nose down to their accustomed levels.

"But it was an awful story, make the best of it, and the truth had to be told.

"It is appalling," conceded Aunt Lucy, at length, "but the most regrettable circumstance, to my mind, is your connection with it all, Chester."

"Now, Auntie, have a little heart for poor Mrs. Scuyler, and those old lady sisters. Also for the man himself."

"Oh, I have, Chet. I'm not inhuman. But those things are in the papers every day, and while one feels a general sympathy, it can't be personal if one doesn't know the people. For you to be mixed up in such matters—"

"I wasn't mixed up in it, Aunt Lucy, except as I chose to mix myself into it. I should have gotten into it anyway. Mr. Bradbury will have a lot to do with it, I'm sure. I'm no better than he to mix in."

"In a business way, yes. But you were there socially—where a murder was committed."

Aunt Lucy could have shown no more horror of it all, if I had been the convicted criminal.

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"A plausible theory," agreed Bemis, "even an obvious one, but almost no one else is in the house but the caterer's people, and they were in charge of the basement rooms and there."

CHAPTER XIV.

VICKY'S WAYS.

"CHESTER CALHOUN! Get up this minute! There's a reporter downstairs! A reporter!"

"My sleepy eyes opened to find Winnie pounding my shoulder as it humped beneath the blanket.

"Hey? What?" I grunted, trying to collect my perceptions.

"A reporter! A reporter!" Winnie had said. A Bengal tiger, she couldn't have looked more terrified.

"Great Scott! Win—I remember! Clear out, I'll be down in a minute."

I dressed in record time and went downstairs in five leaps.

In the library, I found Aunt Lucy, wearing an expression that she might have shown if the garbage man had asked her to a dance.

"But Winnie was eagerly drinking in the story poured forth by the said reporter, who was quite evidently enjoying his audience.

"Oh, Chet, this is Mr. Bemis of the Meteor. He's telling us all about the murder!"

"I was too timid to say the word murder, and I was sorry she had to hear the awful tale from anyone but myself. However, there was no help for it now, and I joined the group and did all I could to bring Aunt Lucy's eyebrows and nose down to their accustomed levels.

"But it was an awful story, make the best of it, and the truth had to be told.

"It is appalling," conceded Aunt Lucy, at length, "but the most regrettable circumstance, to my mind, is your connection with it all, Chester."

"Now, Auntie, have a little heart for poor Mrs. Scuyler, and those old lady sisters. Also for the man himself."

"Oh, I have, Chet. I'm not inhuman. But those things are in the papers every day, and while one feels a general sympathy, it can't be personal if one doesn't know the people. For you to be mixed up in such matters—"

"I wasn't mixed up in it, Aunt Lucy, except as I chose to mix myself into it. I should have gotten into it anyway. Mr. Bradbury will have a lot to do with it, I'm sure. I'm no better than he to mix in."

"In a business way, yes. But you were there socially—where a murder was committed."

Aunt Lucy could have shown no more horror of it all, if I had been the convicted criminal.

"ND, I'm glad I was!" I cried, losing patience a little. "If I can be of any help to the Scuyler people or to Miss Van Allen, I shall be willing to do all I can."

"But Miss Van Allen is the—the murderer!" and Aunt Lucy whispered the word.

"Don't say that!" I cried sharply. "You don't know it at all, and there's no reason to condemn the girl."

I paused. Bemis was taking in my every word with a canny understanding of what I said, and also of what I didn't say.

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A dark, vertical, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of paper, with a small white speck near the top.

Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out



Johnny Knew.

LAST summer little Johnny paid his first visit to a farm. All his life he had lived in the heart of a great city, and when he suddenly came in sight of a haystack he stopped and gazed earnestly at what appeared to him as a new brand of architecture.

"Say, Mr. Smith," he remarked to the farmer, pointing to the haystack. "why don't they have doors and windows in it?"

"Doors and windows!" smiled the farmer. "That ain't a house, Johnny, that's hay."

"Don't try to fool me, Mr. Smith!" was the scornful rejoinder of the city boy. "Don't you suppose that I know that hay don't grow in lumps like that?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Sweet Mistake.

IT has been often and truly said that a man who earns his money knows how to value it, and the same may be said of a woman who puts up her own preserves in the summer.

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Aunt Ella. "How can President Wilson be so extravagant with other people's money?"

"In what way, Aunt Ella?"

"Just think of keeping those pesky Indians on Government preserves!"—Courier-Journal.

Waiting.

A COUNTRY clergyman who was reading up a refractory creature observed a young lad watching him for a long time with obvious interest.

"Well, my young friend," he said unwillingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Are you surprised to see me working like this?"

"No! I do be waiting to see what a person do say when he happens to be thimble!"

Some people wouldn't believe the stories about ground glass in bread unless they ate it and had a pain in the stomach.—Philadelphia Record.



MARGARET MAMIE LINOLEUM FRYE, WAS GENTLE AND TIMID AND BASHFUL AND SHY.



THE GIRLS WHERE SHE WORKED GOT TOGETHER AND SAID THAT SHE'D BE A SLAVE TO THE MAN THAT SHE WED.



NOW, EDDIE FEROCIOUS SANDRAPER WAS BRUTAL AND STRONG AND EXCEEDINGLY TOUGH.



"HE'LL SURE BE THE BOSS," THE BOYS WISELY REMARKED, "WHEN ON MARRIED LIFE'S SEA HE IS SAFELY EMBARKED."

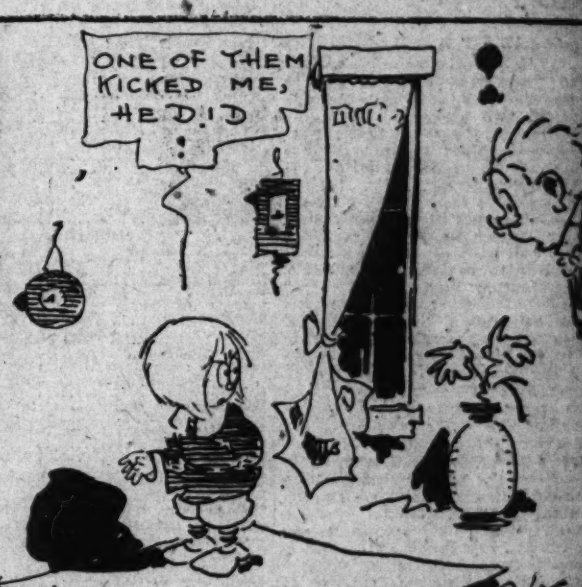
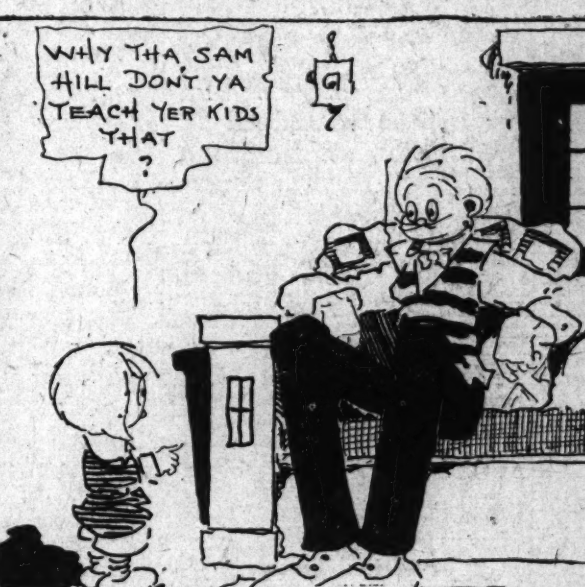


FATE, NOW GIVES MISS MARGARET REASON TO GLOAT, FOR SHE IS THE BOSS AND HER HUSBAND'S THE GOAT.

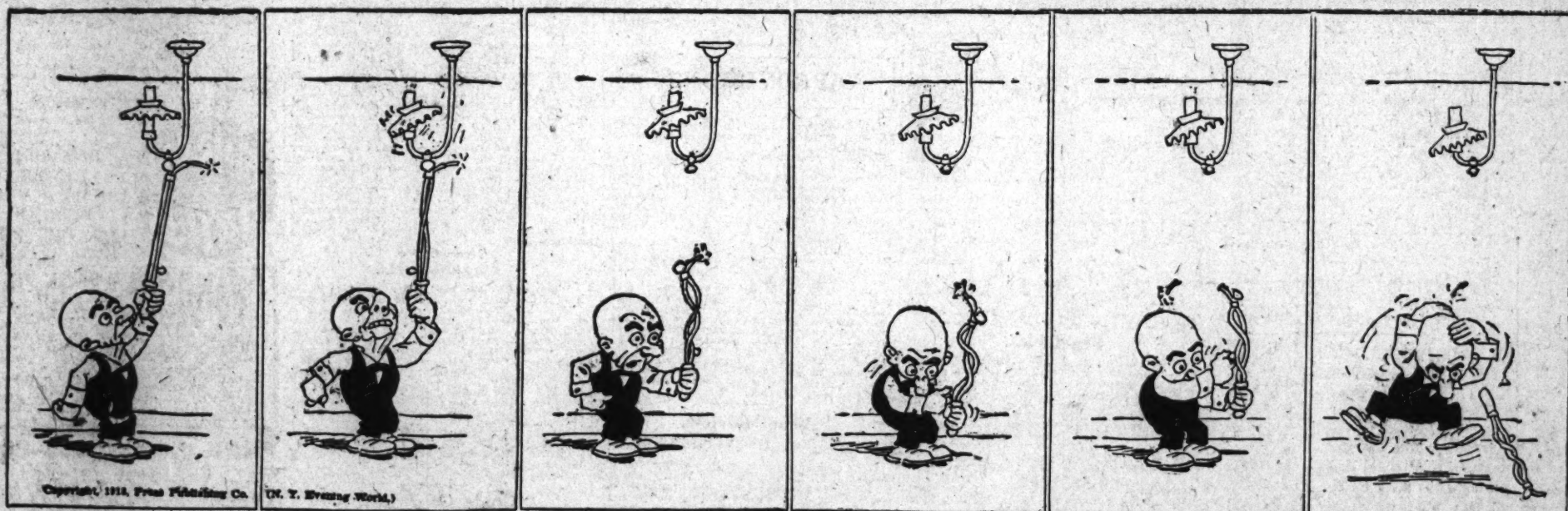


TO SHOW HOW PREDICTIONS COMPLETELY MISCARRIED, POOR EDDIE MEROUGH IS THE GUY THAT SHE MARRIED.

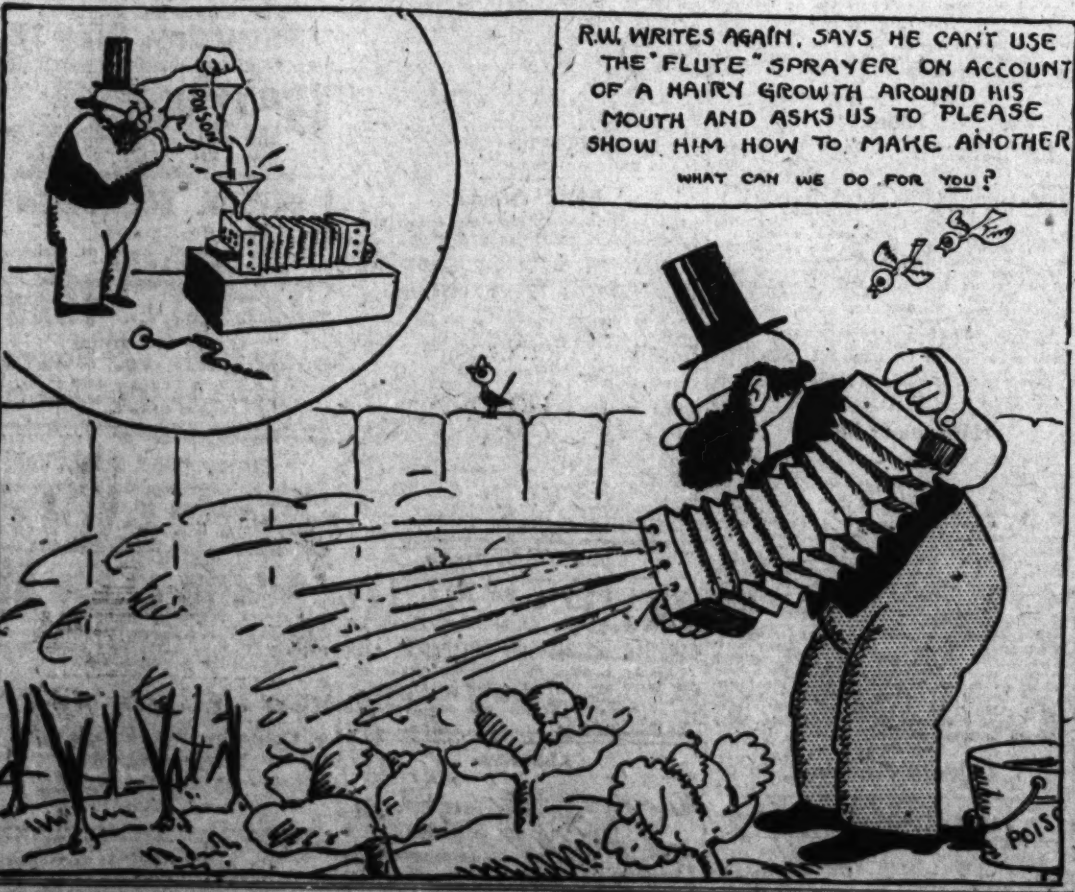
"SAY, POP,"—MAYBE HIS FOOT SLIPPED!—By PAYNE



GRINDSTONE GEORGE—THIS ADVENTURE LEFT HIM "LIGHT-HEADED"—By MEEK



GARDEN HINTS



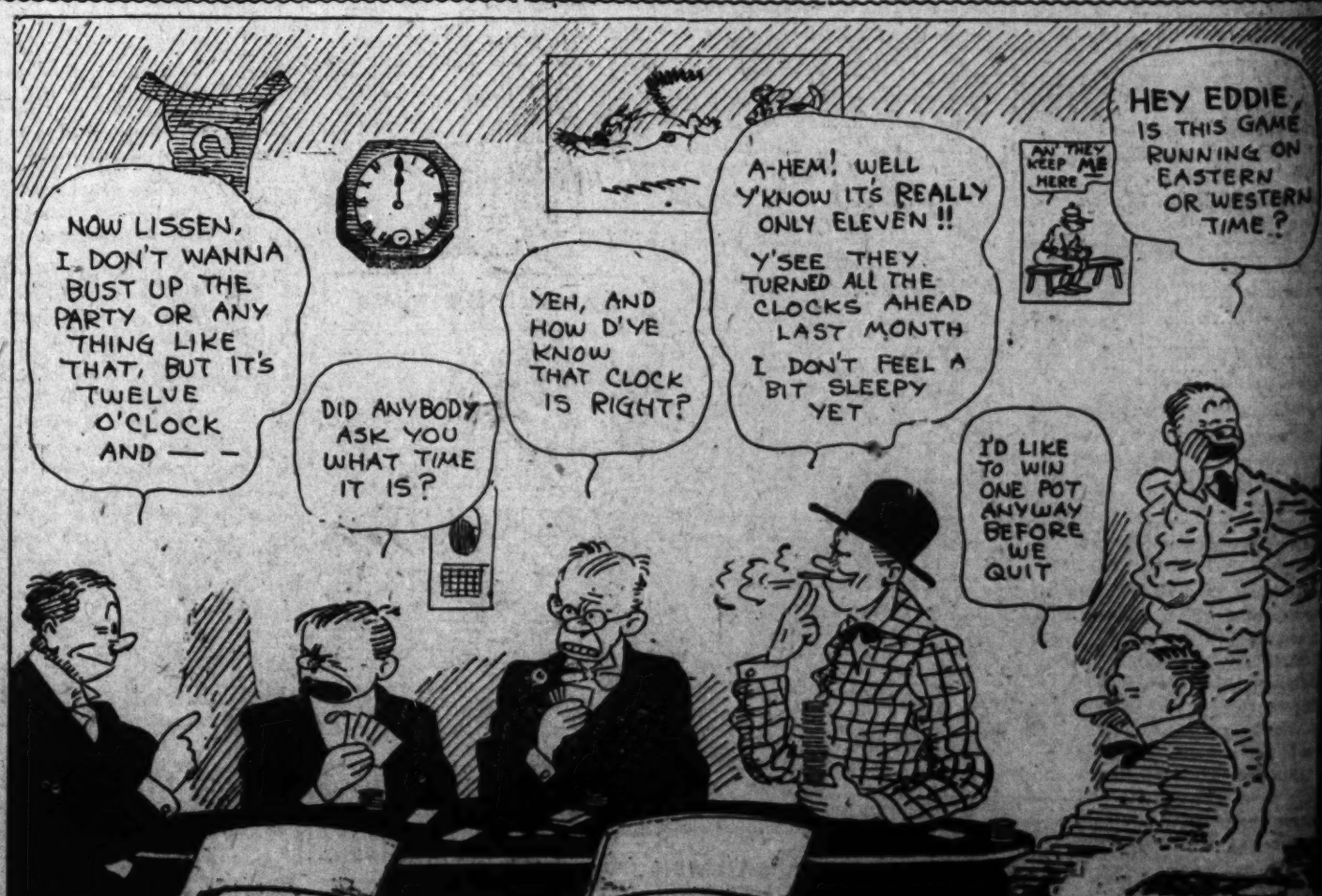
A man who relies upon "pull" is always in danger that something will break.—Albany Journal.

It takes more than a quarantine sign to keep the wolf from the door.—Philadelphia Record.

The "will to win" also means the "won't" to be "licked."—Milwaukee News.

PENNY ANTE—The Guy Who Makes the Break to Go Home

By Jean Knott



Victory In B

Not a G

Cabinet Member
Saw All Wa
America as
of Destroyin

UNDER the title of the principal Baker, Secretary published in book form Co. There are two editions of the volume the ordinary "trade edition" and a special limited number of copies. Two of the latter, inscribed by the Secretary of War, one to President Wilson and the other to Postmaster General Burleson, were carried in the first airmail Wednesday from New York to Washington.

In almost all his speeches Baker has spoken of the principles for which we fight, of abroad, of the heroic of our disdain to conquer contains utterances of pacifist. But in the talks about peace he is clear from an following, quoted from an in Cleveland, Oct. 17, 1917: "There isn't a man in it any of the spirit Government, or caught liberty and freedom; the his children and wa who do not believe to a finish. By that end, but fought to a fl be an absolute victory in the world that can trope upon the huma

War to Last

Speaking to labor m bration at Newport Ne said:

"The American people alterable determination until this reign of ter * * * Some people a how long the war will until we win it."

The "reign of terror" is, of course, the reign "Schrecklichkeit." Th makes many references Belgium, the deportati Poland and Serbia, to again and again to the to the labor men, af led up to our entrance "It seems a remote: I close my eyes I can town—the boats comin and children, mothers, in their arms. All d comes, until at night hundreds of people, A American women, sla of German imperialism in a tent meeting at said:

"We must realize the realize that the very of the war, said that had hoped it would be the German conduct, continuing: "And then came Government had built safe and would march commerce of man through which we mided could not be assured he safe. We were to Universe and the Part certain parts of the by ships and that it commerce the ships w ing. We had two

Slavery Only

Later in the same of the war, said that had hoped it would be the German conduct, continuing: "And then came Government had built safe and would march commerce of man through which we mided could not be assured he safe. We were to Universe and the Part certain parts of the by ships and that it commerce the ships w ing. We had two